Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast-talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL

Recently Wade decided to do something good with his life and traveled to New York where he hoped the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man would teach him a thing or two about being a hero. But given that fact that Deadpool is an assassin, Spider-Man taught him a thing or two about an ass-whippin' instead. It seems that one of Spider-Man's friends was murdered and Spider-Man believed Deadpool responsible. After Deadpool finally convinced Spider-Man that he was innocent, the pair went back to the scene of the crime to investigate. There Wade discovered that the angles and trajectories of the shots could only have been made by a super professional. He also learned that Spider-Man's friend, Mr. Cheng, was secretly a gun-for-hire which meant that the assassin was hitting hitters. Deadpool then informed Spider-Man that there was only one legendary man that could've done the job...and he wasn't a man at all. He was a monkey. A Hit-Monkey. And he's in New York with a few days to kill...

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WHAT'S UP?
LAST NIGHT, A COUPLE OF CROOKED COPS WERE SHOT.
WASN'T ME!
I KNOW.
I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOU.
SEE, THAT'S WHAT I'M *TALKIN'* ABOUT--PARTNERS *LOOK OUT* FOR THEIR PARTNERS!
YOU'VE BEEN WATCHIN' MY BACK, MAKING SURE *HIT-MONKEY* DOESN'T PUT A HOT ONE IN YOUR BUDDY, *WADE!*
NOT QUITE.
UNTIL THIS MORNING, I WAS STILL CONVINCED THAT *YOU* HAD KILLED MR. CHEN.
NOT AS MUCH AS *THIS...*
THAT STINGS.
YOU WERE RIGHT.
OF COURSE I WAS RIGHT!
WHAT WAS I RIGHT ABOUT?

THERE WAS A BLOODY PRINT LEFT AT THE SCENE... A BLOODY *PAW* PRINT.

"A *MONKEY PAW PRINT.*"

YES! *VALIDATION!*

IT WAS *HIT-MONKEY,* DUDE!

EVIDENTLY...

SO WHATTA WE DO *NOW?*

I CAME HERE TO ASK YOU *THE SAME THING.*

HUH?

NO, *THAT'S* NOT HOW THIS IS SUPPOSED TO WORK...

WHAT?!

I CAME TO NEW YORK TO LEARN HOW *YOU DO YOUR* THING.

BUT HE'S AFTER *YOU.*

WHICH IS *PERFECT,* BECAUSE *THAT'S WHAT YOU DO*--YOU *SAVE* PEOPLE!

I'VE GOT THE *BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE!*

BLAM!

RRREEEEEEEEE--!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

HELL WITH *THAT*, MAN!

WHAT'RE YOU--?!

HEY!

BLAM!

BLAM!

AUGH--!

HA!

TOLD YA IT HURTS!

BLAM!

WOO-OOP!

AND *SPEAKING* OF HURT...

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

TO BE CONCLUDED